

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1893.

NUMBER 3250.

ARE BUDS OF GREED

Crinkle Describes the Most Dangerous Man in the World.

HE'S A GASTLY GOOD FELLOW

Living Part of the Time in a Delirium of Competition to Spend the Other Part in a Paroxysm.

Are you not a little tired of hearing the rampant recitatives of the press talk about the dangerous elements to society? What do they know of the dangerous elements of society? Where do they look for them? Always in the back streets. It appears to be the proper thing to have a well-bred shudder at the poverty and ignorance of the "lower classes."

But the tendency of the "lower classes" is upward. How about the "upper classes"? Where do they tend? And by upper classes I simply mean in this view the title, the voluptuous and the utterly selfish classes who insist upon being the upper.

There is a conventional notion that the young street ruffian who inhabits the tenement districts, who joins a gang, who gets into politics who does law, is the greatest cause of our metropolitan life. There could not possibly be a greater mistake. At the very worst the delinquency against whom all the repressive engine of society is operative. More than that, he is only a manifestation of a phase, not of a fixed condition. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the conservative energies of life lay hold of him somewhere and suppress and reconstruct him. He finds a girl that he marries, he is astonished at finding himself a father, he goes to work if it is only "fending bar," but it is not for himself, he gets hold of a home, and then law and order have got hold of him.

I have found that these fellows are superstitious; intensely loyal and wholly unimaginative; their crimes spring from their impulses not from their reason.

Against that type of young man I wish to plant another. One starts as a masculine ruffian without sensibilities. The other is a voluptuous rascal. One has his roots in the rocking chair, where, after all, there is some nourishment. The other has his head in the poisonous air where there is no hope. One fights, steals if he is hungry or thirsty, drowns with alcohol the cares he cannot master; throws himself against the established order with all



MORNING VIRTUE.

The recklessness of pure vitality. But he does not betray his friend. He has endurance and fortitude, pity and gratitude in his rude nature. If you hurt him he will hurt you back. But he has been hungry and cold and he did not shudder.

The other fellow is gentle and fairly well educated in a system which gives all the honors to the smartest man, not to the best man. He does not seek to defy society but to use it. He has no ambition but he has a perverse imagination and a pampered sensibility. He will not earn money; he will inherit it. To labor is beneath him; he will gamble. He has two ideals, one is Jay Gould, the other is Ward McAllister. These are the germs of luck; one represents power, the other sensibility.

You do not have to go into the tenement houses to find this fellow. You can pick him up in Wall or Broad street. He wears good clothes; he has expensive tastes; he is clever, unscrupulous, unscrupulous and fast. He forms a distinct group. He is not yet twenty-five. He is the product of artificial conditions, and if you study him you will be amazed to find how magnificently he ignores all the essential and elemental obligations of life. To get money and to spend it are the governing impulses. To give an equivalent for it is an idea that not only he has not, but the world has outgrown.

This consuming motive transforms him at twenty-five into the most audacious, reckless young rascal civilization breeds. The base desire to beat somebody in the skin game of smartness is the deliberate, calculated, systematic business of his life. He is a commercial hunter for six hours every day. He is a prodigal every night. What he loses from associates or from innocent victims in the morning he finds in the lap of some abandoned beauty at night.

Prodigality with this set is the symbol of resources. The man who can blow in several thousand on a "hook" up shows establishment and indisputable means of gratification; he must be a high roller, and that means that he will stop at nothing.

Wall and Broad streets are saturated by these young men. They are the envy of a thousand pleading clerks who are placed down to the hostile routine of giving an equivalent of attention for a salary they have found out what life is in them can get the utmost enjoyment out of it by looking out for number one, and not waiting any longer on sentiment. In the hours of business they glare at each other, they sleep at each other. Under every smile is a lie, under every promise is a job. They smother each other by telling how

they hoodwinked a "governor" or betrayed a friend. They scheme how to rob each other while they hoot at the law but one ambition, it is keep on till they can wreck a railroad and be indicted for their crimes as "young Napoleons."

It is to this astonishing fact that you must look for the mischief that strikes at the heart of civilization. It is here that you encounter the temptations and the consequences of smartness cut loose from restraining influences hiding its own selfishness under the mask of business.

Anything more hollow, more abandoned, or more hopeless you will not find in all the phases of city life.

These young men are the Hawthorne buds of greed. They live part of the time in a delirium of competition to



TO PAY VICE.

spend the other part in a paroxysm of silly indulgence. Their pendulum swings between the bourse and the boulevard. When their faculties are not concentrated on the iniquity of gambling, they are expending themselves on the iniquity of sensuality. They keep alive with their patronage all the disreputable shows they make. Col. Bob Ingersoll's Sunday night assaults on the altars and homes by fates of blarney applause; they turn the cafes into scenes of violence where they knock out the servants' eyes and pay grandly for the damaged furniture. They built palatial clubs and run in debt for wines. They sometimes marry into a good family and bring with them perils to the race and lay their cancerous kisses on the cheek of innocence.

So unerringly does the pursuit of money, for which no equivalent is given, break down all the finer fibers of the man, that in this type of good fellow, if he arrives at his ideal, will be proud of the power which can spread ruin and agony through a million homes without awakening any compunction on his part. He has then arrived at the absolute tyranny of selfishness.

He will sit in his office and plan disaster with grim satisfaction. He can make a million by breaking ten thousand hearts. Presto, it is done. Then he gets a new mistress.

You will see these heartless fellows in Delmonico's or the Windsor hotel, every night, when they are not on the Casino stage or in the dressing rooms at Koster & Bial's. An atmosphere of atrocious and cynical bonhomie surrounds them. Their audacious impudence is drowned in wine. Their aggressive impudence wears a fringe of reckless liberality. They boast of their degradation like college boys. They swear by their insensibility like medical students; they make obscenity proud; the aim of their manners is to defy decency; the end of their intercourse is acidity.

Wrecked examples from this coterie ripen into criminal eminence regularly. It is only a little while ago that one of these young gentlemen wrecked a hundred innocent homes, betrayed the confidence of his trusting friends, disgraced his name, broke an honored father's heart and slouched out of public view. What was the comment of his admiring congeners? That he had a good time while it lasted. That he wasn't smart enough to keep it up.

The moral aspect of it never for one moment presented itself to one of them. And all of them say clearly



IN WALL STREET.

that the only lesson to be learned was not to be trapped up.

With all other forms of human delinquency we can deal repeatedly; with this we are at present helpless. He flirts himself in our face defiantly with the prestige of success. He is the ruthless pagan of the commercial remission. He purchases humanity with golden audacity. He denies God with a smug and he uses women as a costly amusement. He is the gifted youth of our social dogma. At thirty-five if he has not attained the eminence and won its crowning admiration, he is a failure and will never see old women with money in order to have his little paid and get on enough to support his mistress.

NEW CHURCH.

Writing to Wall.
Miss Dinkens—Did you tell Mr. Gosh there I was not in?
Bright—Did you?
Miss Dinkens—What did he say?
Bright—He said "Well, tell her to come down as soon as she is in." That is the price.—Fugate.

NEWS OF NEW YORK

Did President Cleveland Purpose to Slight Sattoli?

SAMUEL GOMPERS' SUCCESS

A Year Such Obscurity—Zola to Come. A Permanent Dream City—Austria's Emperor and Heir.

Those criticisms of President Cleveland for having addressed his letter of felicitation upon the jubilee of Pope Leo to Cardinal Gibbons instead of to Mgr. Sattoli, who is in this country as the sovereign pontiff's personal representative, emanate from Sattoli's enemies. The assertion is made, with the approval of the apostolic delegation, that no one connected with that institution has countenanced any expression of disapproval with reference to President Cleveland's letter.

"If any friend of the papal legate is at the bottom of these criticisms," declares a reliable source, "that person must rest assured that his zeal is deemed excessive. Of course, if Mr. Cleveland had sent his letter offering to present his holiness with a copy of certain political speeches and writings to Mgr. Sattoli, Cardinal Gibbons could not have felt slighted, because the monsignor represents Leo XIII. in the United States, and communications to the latter would seem to pass more appropriately through Sattoli's hands than through Gibbons'. However, since the president, owing no doubt to the fact that he is personally acquainted with the cardinal, prefers to communicate with the pope through him, there is nothing to say against it. The pope much admires Mr. Cleveland, and no one need suppose that he will feel hurt because the president does not recognize Sattoli as a medium for communication with the vatican. My own theory is that Mr. Cleveland did not wish to imply, by any semi-official recognition of Sattoli's existence, that he looked upon the papal delegate as a representative of any power in the diplomatic sense.

The book which has given rise to such a subtle complication has been, superfluous to say, accepted in a flattering letter of acknowledgment from the vatican. The volume is one of some artistic specimens of bookmaking, which Mr. Cleveland had prepared in New York not long ago, and which he distributes among the few favored persons whom he wishes to honor in a personal way. The paper is royal Irish linen, with rough edges and the widest possible margins. The type is large, old style, and Mr. Cleveland's latest photograph, with his signature beneath, forms a frontispiece. The cover of the book varies with the occasion of its presentation. Thus William C. Whitney has one in seal binding, Daniel S. Lamont has another in rich leather, and it is understood that William F. Harry got one also. But the one to be sent his holiness, through the American cardinal, is intended to be a triumph of the bookbinder's art. The outside of the book will be black and gold, while the fly leaf will contain an inscription in Mr. Cleveland's own hand. If he follows the president set in former gift books the chief magistrate will put simply: "To His Holiness, Leo XIII., Pope, from His Admirer, Grover Cleveland." The New York firm which is authorized for these facts estimates the average cost of President Cleveland's gift books, including paper, printing and binding, at something like one hundred and fifty dollars each. The edition is very small—some twenty or less—and no doubt will fetch fancy prices a few generations hence.

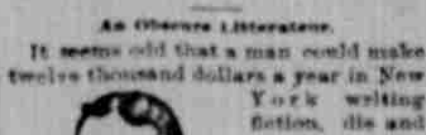
Labor's Battle of Preparation.
No man is harder worked as a result of the gigantic scale on which New York is to celebrate Labor day than Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. He is at his office early and late, and to his efforts is due the large measure of success which the celebration promises to meet with. There will be thousands in line, and Gompers from the reviewing stand will be the cynosure of all eyes. He is the most powerful labor leader of our time, and certainly the best educated. He never seeks personal political advantage, and does not act as if he were aware of his great influence, yet his opposition would be enough to ruin many a man politically. His cautious, conservative administration has built up the American Federation of Labor until now it is one of the most powerful organizations of the kind that ever existed. William E. Gladstone in his recent address to the Federated Miners of England alluded to Mr. Gompers as an ideal labor leader, and certainly New York is proud of him. Every utterance by Mr. Gompers on the subject of labor is received with great respect by all classes. He would be pretty well to do by this time were it not for a generous disposition that prompts him to relieve necessity wherever he meets with it, and for the fact that he devotes his time to the federation to the exclusion of all other matters.

An Obscure Literature.
It seems odd that a man could make twelve thousand dollars a year in New York writing fiction, and remain as utterly unknown as if he had never existed. Arthur Elder Nelson, whose death occurred some days since, was such a man. He did not get from a three-line obituary in any newspaper. His dealings were mostly with two huge New York concerns devoted exclusively to



ARTHUR ELDER NELSON.

the manufacture of time and half-time novels, and his specialty was the fiction that deals with boy pirates, boy highwaymen, robbers, and other equally interesting juveniles. He started six years ago, when he was twenty-five. Educated and refined (he was an Oxford man) he came to this country shortly after attaining his majority. His first effort in the line of blood and thunder narrative was made during his leisure as a drug clerk. The success of his production encouraged him to persevere, and for the last two years he had worked steadily. His publishers say that his own share of the profits of his pen last year was twelve thousand dollars, and he lived pretty well up to his income. He spoke four languages and his wide reading and ripe scholarship enabled him to wander as will in the highways of literature plundering wherever he saw an opportunity. Thus his works were, as a rule, mere plagiarisms brought down to his reader's level. He never aspired to anything higher. Certainly if he had wished to be a serious writer his income could never have exceeded, say, thirty-five hundred dollars a year, even had he attained great vogue. As it was he kept a horse and carriage and enjoyed life like a sybarite. Being unmarried and unencumbered, he was able to spend thousands of dollars scattered through the schoolrooms, district telegraph offices and street corners of this republic had any idea of his personality.

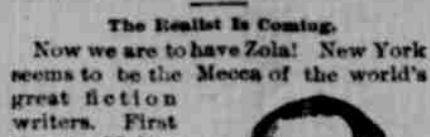


ARTHUR ELDER NELSON.

The Realist Is Coming.
Now we are to have Zola! New York seems to be the Mecca of the world's great fiction writers. First it was Walter Besant; then Paul Bourget came. That Emil Zola intends to visit this city surprises no one who is familiar with his expressed interest in America's metropolis, but if the French master of realism really means, as reported, to do up New York into his next novel he will have to hustle, if the expression be permissible in such a connection, to get ahead of Bourget. No doubt Zola will present a picture of some heinous creature and pretend to the world as a Gothamite. Zola has the advantage of Bourget in being personally acquainted with many members of New York's aristocracy, such as Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt and the Sloans. Moreover, he is far better known in New York through his writings than Bourget, and as it is announced that Zola will hold a "public reception" here, whatever that can be, no doubt there will be much ado about him.

ARTHUR ELDER NELSON.

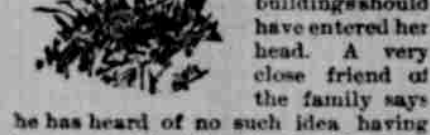
Everybody in New York knows that Miss Helen M. Gould has been thinking of endowing a woman's hospital here, but it comes as a surprise to many that any such project as the erection of stone reproductions of the more notable world's fair buildings should have entered her head. A very close friend of the family says he has heard of no such idea having been entertained by Miss Gould. The story is that the architectural beauties of the world's fair have so impressed the late Jay Gould's daughter that she proposes having at least the Art building reproduced in Central park as a permanent object lesson in the beautiful. This report probably grew out of Miss Gould's admiration of architecture and her often repeated declaration that it seems a pity that such beautiful structures as those in Jackson park are not to last for all time. At all events it is difficult to believe that the young lady means to spend millions in the realization of what, after all, is a merely esthetic longing. But she may believe with Ruskin that life's happiness consists only in the gratification of esthetic longings.



HELEN M. GOULD.

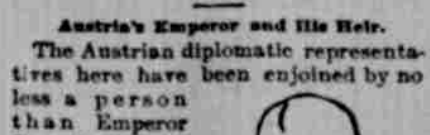
Austria's Emperor and His Heir.
The Austrian diplomatic representatives here have been enjoined by no less a person than Emperor Franz Joseph to maintain the utmost vigilance in looking after the safety of Prince Franz Ferdinand, heir to the imperial throne, during the entire time of his stay in New York. It seems that his majesty has a rather poor opinion of this city's influences, morally and otherwise. He considers New York a corrupt place, full of dangers to young men. However, the prince will have only the Four Hundred to endure. Perhaps the emperor's caution has special reference to them, but even the Austrian diplomats will find it hard to prevent Mrs. Paron Stevens, the Astors and a few other entertainers from laying hold of the prince. The programme for his entertainment when he comes has already assumed definite shape. There are to be a ball, a reception and a trip to Newport. Mr. John Jacob Astor, who spent thirty-seven thousand dollars in entertaining the Russian royal son, has arranged to give this welcoming reception of the blood a reception that would baffle Cossacks.

No doubt a full report of all these doings, in accordance with the royal instructions, is now on its way to the court of Austria. DAVID WEBSTER.



PRINCE FRANZ FERDINAND.

A Wonderful Green-Eyed Turtle.
The Kentucky Agassiz, the greatest world of the Mojave desert, is said to be the only creature of the turtle species that lives by grazing like a horse or an ox. Kentucky is about ten inches in length when full grown and weighs from six to eight pounds. To escape the intolerable heat of his desert home he often burrows into the sand and remains inactive for weeks.



PRINCE FRANZ FERDINAND.

Entertained the Nurses.
Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Patterson in their home on Plainfield avenue gave a happy entertainment Thursday evening in honor of Dr. H. M. Joy and the young women of the U. S. A. hospital. Dr. Joy favored the company with two vocal solos. The Misses Mary Ames, Grace Derby, Mary Welch, Lillian Lines and Mary McKinney were the women guests.

Birthday Surprise Party.
Frank Roy of No. 305 North India street was surprised Saturday night by a party of twenty or more friends, who came to celebrate his 14th birthday. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. McClure and Miss Myrtle McClure, Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thayer, the Misses Emma and Agnes Buchanan, Henry Swadlow and Howard Bush.

Columbian Reception.
Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Hays and Miss Nina McCoy of No. 601 Fountain street gave a Columbian reception Monday evening in honor of their guest, Miss Lucille Kierstead, of Port Haven. Mrs. Hays and Miss McCoy were assisted by the Misses Maude and Emma Fuller, Miss Maude Fuller was the Oxford gown and mortar board cap and Miss Kierstead was crowned in an empire robe.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Mrs. Konkle Gives an Afternoon Tea at North Park.

THIRTY GUESTS WERE PRESENT

Tables Prettily Decorated With Roses and Sweet Peas—Mrs. Hazeltine's Complimentary Party.

Among the social events of the season was the charming party given by Mrs. Franklin Konkle at North Park pavilion Tuesday afternoon, as a half-past five tea. Thirty of her women friends were present. The tables were gay with contrasting colors of roses, sweet peas, sweet ferns and loops of smilax. Mrs. Konkle was robed in black lace with blue silk trimming. The guests were: Mesdames Robert Harrison Bulkley and Mrs. E. W. Hughes of Chicago, Mrs. George Ramsey of Buffalo, the Misses Holtwood of New Haven, Connecticut; Mesdames John Goldsmith, Jessie Holtwood, Lucius Holtwood, Huntley Russell, M. C. Burch, George Kimball, Marie Vine, Dr. W. Kendall, L. M. Clark, T. W. Strahan, R. C. Luce, George Boorhite, R. J. Enos, S. C. Bradburn, William Cartwright, J. W. Rosenthal, A. B. Botsford, William Winger, Allie Tinkham, Dennis Rogers, and the Misses Frances McLellan and Kate Enos. After the tea was served the attractions of the park and a dance in the ball room were enjoyed.

Mrs. Hazeltine's Party.

At the Country club Tuesday night Mrs. R. W. Hazeltine, assisted by Mrs. C. S. Hazeltine, gave a dancing party in honor of Miss Williams of Cleveland, the guest of Miss Estelle Hazeltine. Sweet ferns and gorse-hued asturtiums were used in decorating the parlors and dining hall. Ice was served during the entire evening and at 11:30 supper was announced. Those present were: Mrs. George Douglas of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. Whitney, Miss Louise Maize of Jacksonville, Florida, Miss Braughton of New Orleans, the Misses Helen Whitney, Jessie Simpson, Gertrude Jenks, Amelia Pierce, Winifred Martine, Mae Stearns, Bernice Goodwin and the Messrs. Will Groverman of Baltimore, Percy Crocker of Chicago, Harry Kimball of Muskegon, Harry Osborn, Bert J. McKee, Ed and John Avery, Willard Spring, Frances Hentig, May Robinson, Carrie Cobb, Lotta Lacey, Lenanda Voigt, Grace Remington, Louise Barnhart, Bessie Widdicombe, Maud Phelps, Myra Wonderly, Carrie Edmon, Bessie Barnett, Anna and Edie Calhoun, Gertrude Smith, Irene Dickinson, Anna Mowatt, Helen and Maude Lilley, Mae Stearns, Miss Martin Smith, Charles Boltwood, Joe Head, Berne Hazeltine, Carroll and Will Perkins, Ralph McCoy, Percy Storms, Ed Matter, Max Cuthbert, George Fitch, Tom Willard, Harry Warden, Ben Robinson, Willard Martindale, Frank Werner, Harry Kimball, George Hollister, Will Mead, Charles Garrison, Albert Hunt, Stewart White, Ray Crosby, Tom McBride, Dr. Manning Birge, Charles W. Cullen, Dr. House, Tom Bradford, Morton Smith and John Hollister.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden Entertain.

Wednesday evening about thirty visitors accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Holden to meet the Rev. H. Digby Johnson of the unitarian church. Mr. Johnson stated that he was about to attend the parliament of religions soon to meet in Chicago, and that upon his return he should recount in Sunday evening lectures the proceedings, and give an epitome of the speeches delivered by the advocates of the various religions. Mrs. C. C. Michaelides of Edinburg was a guest. Among others were Mrs. I. M. Turner, Judge and Mrs. J. B. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith and Miss Clara Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Fitzgerald, Mr. Baum, C. S. Uddell and Miss Zaida Uddell, Miss Nellie Austin, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Ames and friend, Mrs. Holm, Glenn Holm, Miss Grace Fyfe, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond and Miss Mabel Richmond. Mrs. and Mrs. Elwood Graham, Miss Mildred Holden and others.

Young Men's Musical.

The young men of the Lyceum of the South Congregational church gave a musical Tuesday night. Fred Macey, president of the Lyceum, opened with a brief address. A few of the selections were: "The Mission of the Church," Minnie Linderhout, a piano solo by Miss Fand of Baltimore, "Redwin Love Song" by Eba Watson, a solo by Mrs. J. I. Smith, and comic selections sung by Mr. Burritt.

Kindergarten Picnic.

Nearly a score of kindergartners went to North Park yesterday, where they spent the afternoon and evening. Mrs. Lucretia M. Treat, Miss Maria Barker, Miss Carrie House, Miss Josie Ewing, Miss Clara Wheeler, Miss Clara Smith, Miss Bessie Goodrich, Minnie Smith and the students from the summer training school were members of the party.

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EARLY FALL OPENING OF NOVELTY DRESS GOODS

EXHIBITION OF THE REIGNING QUEENS OF FASHION.

A Profusion of Parisian Styles for Fall of '93 Gathered Expressly for Michigan's Fair Women.

Our responsibility as FASHION CATERERS and the knowledge that we are looked to for all that's new, fashionable and correct by the ladies of Western Michigan at the beginning of each season is one which we keenly appreciate. The honor of introducing to this territory the new thoughts of the civilized world as the seasons roll around impels us to greater, broader and more comprehensive ideas, and an excusable pride in excelling even ourselves. For weeks the fashion chrysalis has been steadily developing at

SPRING & COMPANY'S,

And Monday morning, August 28, it will burst forth in a glorious constellation of bright and beautiful things, showering and deluging each department, filling shelves and counters with strangers, anxious for an introduction into America's good graces. The equivalent of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS swells every stock to overflow.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

NEW FALL WRAPS.

FRESH DESIGNS EVERYWHERE.

Dress fabrics comprising every style known to the dry goods trade. Green and Brown will be two of the most fashionable colors for fall and winter wear.

LADIES OF MICHIGAN,

It is with pleasure we introduce you to the following royal leaders in the kingdom of fashion:

PANAMA CLOTH { A very handsome basket weave in all desirable shades.

HOP SACKINGS { A new and popular basket weave, conspicuous for style and durability.

SMAAR { A new fabric, very attractive and economical in price.

AMBOISE { A new two-toned effect, interwoven with silk in high colors.

BAGNOLLES { Very stylish, rich in colorings and most admirably adapted for a pretty street dress.

DRAP DE PARIS TWILLS { A cloth of excellent quality, very wide and new in finish.

ROSIERE { A pronounced gem, conspicuous among the many.

ALBI { No handsomer self colored novelty goods made; economic prices.

CARAMAN CLOTH { Perfection both in style, colorings; shot with silk.

AURILLAC { A beautiful basket weave two toned in effect, colors blended handsomely.

VIGONREUX { Strictly new fabric, satin finish with a hair line (bayadere), effect charming.

TWO AND THREE TONED { Diagonals in shadow effect; rare beauties.

PARISIAN CLOTH { In bengaline weave with designs woven in silk of high color. One of the prettiest.

Other styles from 25c to \$3.00 per yard. Pattern suits from \$4.50 to \$25.00.

THE NEW WRAPS

Come trooping in daily and they make a royal procession. New winter and fall cloaks in beaver, cheviot, fancy cordings and weaves in all the new shadings, large sleeves, with or without the derby cape.

FUR CAPES,

Comprising all popular furs, such as Monkey, Astrachan, Persian, Coney, French Seal, Mink, Martin and Seal, from 20-in. to 34 in length.

NEW FALL SUITS.

Ready-to-wear Dresses in Navy Blue and Black, both in Clay Worsted and Cheviot.

SPRING & COMPANY'S

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